Of course, nothing is ready at Rodmell, or will be ready; so here we bide.

61

Apl 21

1926

Your letter, with its unlooked unjust accusations, just come.

With a loving heart I ask You & Duncan to dine with us at some post house on Thursday.

You can ring up.

By mentioning the Club vaguely to Gerald, I seem to have gratified all your wishes: viz: (ask Julian to explain the word) to give pain to the greatest possible number of people.

Obviously, he has already done this. What more do you want.

Meet at Lord's, the Fly at Rodmell. I leave Sussex for Gower

Ap 27
1926

62

52- T.S.

Tuesday.

Dearest,

Would it be possible for us to come to you for Thursday 29th for night? bringing Nelly, who would do everything for us. (But has all blown over: she says it was the toothache!)

We planned to go to Rodmell on Friday. They can't get it cleaned until then. We would bring down a chicken or whatever we planned to take for our dinner, so don't

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get in anything extra.
Of ware this may be difficult —
so please say — so that I may
know on Thursday morning.

I wonder how very much to tell
you about Sophia — but
perhaps I'll either come
over for a night to Rodwell
& enjoy our baths & W.C.s —
about which I'm feeling
grave doubts.

I expect the boys to tea

WB

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/08

Apr 29 1926

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1

Telephone: 2621 Museum.

63

Sorry of course quite
awful, & everything one
more setback forever.

Parents,

I was just telegraphing to say we could not come,
when your letter came. At the last moment, of course,
the well fell in at Monks House, & L. had to
rush off yesterday to find that we can't possibly
go there till Wednesday. Would you be able to come over
& spend the night (if it's feasible) on Thursday?
That would be the only chance of seeing you, I'm afraid, but
I'm afraid it looks unlikely. If our plans change
for you.

63v

again, I'll let you know. If you're at Charlotte on Wednesday I might call in perhaps for tea: but the future is obscure - The worst of it is that I'm becoming quite gossipy: Maynard, Lydia, & so on. Maynard is torn between the Provostry & keeping a respectable house & Gordon Sq.re & Seaford. He says he has a very good chance. I said Lydia was an ideal mistress; I, that Mrs Duncan Grant didn't [illegible] stay at the Lodge, owing to no dress clothes. This rather nettled him. I think he means to stand. We're having a talk with Angus tomorrow I think. Tonight we go to Ralph's & Frances's bridal party. I shall try to make Carrington drunk. However, I must now [illegible] gossiping, or you won't come over. The boys were enchanting. We chattered incessantly. I can't believe they're not my younger brothers. Also they laughed at you a great deal." I have a great respect for old Nessa's brains" said Julian; but she doesn't always use them" — very like Thoby. "They caught them from me."

NYPL HAMLET 2/10/68

52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

Wednesday 12th May 1926

Dearest,

We have just been told as a dead secret that the Strike will be settled this afternoon. This comes from Laski, but as nobody tells the truth, it may well be another manoeuvre. However, everybody agrees that something is happening — either there will be peace today or Strike going on for several weeks. It beggars description. Recall the worst days of the war. Nobody can settle to anything — endless conversations go on — rumours fly — petitions to the Prime minister are got up. The past 3 days Leonard & I have been getting signatures from writers & editors to the Archbishop of Canterbury's proposals. What is today Mrs Bulley arrives at 9.30: Gerald Brenan with his bicycle at 11: Ralph Partridge, just out of a railway accident on the Cambridge line, at 11.15. Clive is in a rage all day. The telephone rings 8 times in 20 minutes. I have to argue with Jack Squire at Aldershot. Dermand is repeated. Francis Birrell keeps us to come & see his father — or better still go to the Oval & talk to Hobbs. Dermand arrives fresh from argument; has a whisky & soda. Maynard rings up from Cambridge — where he has been driven with Lydia in search of coal — to command us to print the Nation in the Hogarth Press. Leonard refuses twice, though several undergraduates have volunteered to motor up & act as compositors. Leonard is now employed by the Labour party to write articles; I have to take dictation to the House of Commons. Meanwhile, there are no tubes & no buses & no taxis — except those run by special constables often with fatal results. They charge 3d a ride anywhere; but after going to Westminster by bus, with a policeman on the bus, & boards up to protect us from stone throwers (the streets in the West End are perfectly peaceful, as a matter of fact) walking seems preferable.

Suddenly Roger & Helen arrive – it is now tea time, carrying a market basket containing chocolate & melons, which nourish & provide drink in case of bloodshed at Camden Town, which is the most riotous part of London. Roger is wilder than ever, but agrees with me in thinking it all unutterably boring & quite unimportant & get very upsetting – ~~that~~ Between telephone calls from Arnold Bennett & Mr. Garvin & despairing interviews with Miss Bulley who has been mulcted by Edmund Gosse – Roger explains that the Gower Street house is off, as the Bedford agent gets complete respectability & no nobility & kept to members, by blood, of one's own family – which rays Roger he can't guarantee: so he is now after a house in Bernard Street. He has tried, but failed, to get Vanessa to have it broadcast. Well, with 3 weeks, I think it not so bad. (The press by the way carries on dismally – Mrs C. carries on Faith Henderson's bicycle, red with rust; she, Lud, red with exercise & fury at Strikers. She – Leonard argue. But she is a monument of virtue & motherliness & ab internals I rob on her shoulder – for instance when Bob arrives having bicycled from Leith Hill, wanting cold meat at 3.30. & ~~postpone~~ ate bring two pontet Iranian for us to read – But now it is tea time, & Desmond suddenly assumes the rôle of Mussolini – marches up to Lee Lord Beaverbrook & the editor of the Morning Post – which he does with great success, which Clive complains bitterly that if only we had got Marsh car, which we can't have, because Jack has taken it, & refuses to let Mary & the car out this night, we tackled Winston Churchill humbly. Miss Bulley answers for the letter, which time – will not let down – but would like 20 copies of the hut on I proceed to type. It is now 7 o'clock, & Roger & Helen ~~not~~ hut on their boots & decide that this time to start off for Dalmeny, with their melons, by a back road, to avoid notes. Walking has almost cured Roger's disease. At last they go, & Desmond returns. We then argue a little about psycho-analysis & Swinburne, which is some relief. Down

52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

However, Hubert Henderson rings up to say that this is the gravest moment of the Strike, & there is imminent danger of civil war in South Wales. Winston has tear gas bombs in readiness: armoured cars are converging on Piccadilly; all the T.U. leaders in Birmingham have been arrested. The Roneo printers refuse to print L's article on the Constitution. With L. come to the office at once. 2 hours 7.30. & we have to dine with Eileen Power & Romer Wilson: Desmond has to dine with the Asquiths: Clive is going to stand by in case he can get through to Manchester on the telephone. So we dine with Eileen Power. who has heard that there is no hope of a settlement for 3 weeks; & says at intervals "This is the death blow of Trades Unionism in England" — So we go home at 11, to find Nelly hanging over the stairs to say that a man called Cook & a woman called Brown want us urgently & have been calling at intervals ever since 8 o'clock. As we talk the bell rings, & Janet Vaughan appears, who says that Lord Haldane & a friend there are bringing out an emergency paper & wish we give them our letter & let it be printed at once. She has a bicycle outside, & though she has never bicycled from Wandsworth where she has been acting to Strikers, the will bicycle with it to Fleet Street Call papers are about the size of foolscap, & mostly typewritten.) While this is being prepared, Brown & Haldane ring up to say this now too late. At last we go to bed. At 9.30 this morning, as I began by saying, Larkin rings up — & so we know.

Strike Settled 1. P.M.

We or will probably have heard by now. Everyone is

in the greatest spirits. Work at ena began to-day - I've spent the afternoon in wild discussions with Viola, who is trying hard to get her book finished. We are probably having 24 sandwichmen a Monday.
I hope your show is now safe. Work begins tonight
Meiers still have to settle terms finally with. They do on
Friday. The Salon is coming out - Maynard is up -
In short everybody is gaslant a almost hysterical.
You probably think this all nonsense - but the strain after all
these days of misery waiting lights baby out, nobody doing
anything, & the only news coming at intervals in hellish
bedroom from the wrecker in terrapin. We're going to have
a Strike dinner & drink champagne with Clive, the Fry, -
other friends.

Please write.

We shall now be rushed off our feet)

Hope with orders,

Yr VB.

HAMILL 6/1/66

March 1926

64 a

52 Tavistock Sq.

May 29th

Dearest,

I have done your commissions so far as posting the letters go – not very arduous so far. You seem almost as maltreated as we are – it's a good deal colder than February, generally raining, & now & then a black fog. One came on as I was starting for your show – so I gave it up, & you must wait for criticism which well I know profoundly interest you. Meanwhile I hear that your Still life is greatly admired; I hope, bought. Probably you have heard from better sources however. The only papers I have seen say nothing about Adeney & compare Duncan to Hogarth – but this is the spiteful Standard man.

We should be grateful if you could have some talk with Angus. I think you could make him see the point of

64a v

difficulty that arises better than we could — it is mainly the languor & drowsiness, I think; I can't help feeling sometimes that the irregularity of the fees & the strain of its being such a gamble (I suppose we are certain now to have a loss next year) will always be more worrying to him than to most people. And that of course reacts upon us. But we'll leave it to your tactful nature.

We are having rather a grind at the moment to get Viola going again. Twenty four sandwichmen are parading the West End today, & I have just travelled keyingly high strain which almost made me vomit with hatred of the human race. Innumerable wozzers of incredible mediocrity, drab as dishwater, wash up & down like dirty papers against Barkers & Derry & Toms. One was actually being sick or fainting in the middle of the Ocean. All our part — George Gerald Harry & Emma — were about me like the James or Cubbage. And I had to let next a man in the tuba who picked his ears with a large pin — then stuck it in his coat again.

Meanwhile you are in Venice – Rain or no rain,
Duncan with a sore throat / (or not) (I hope he's better –
please send him my fondest love) – it better than
this.

But to the Keynes's – Maynard has decided
not to stand for the Provostry – Its say he would
always be called The Provost & not Keynes: he would
become respectable: he would sink & disappear. Also
the more you refuse, the more you are requested. So he
is not lost to Bloomsbury. But as everyone agrees
that he would almost certainly have failed, the
arguments do not convince me. Leonard said he seemed
greatly depressed. I have seen nothing of them.
On the other hand I sat next Mrs. Gilchrist at
Cardiff ah vaguely last night at Figaro, &
she told me that her husband had not a
dram of ambition. Needless to say, she had
known Jaxon when he was in Eton collars;
one could have told that far off to look at her. Also
she asked me how many people Covent Garden
held. I said roughly 6,000; but advised her to
ask the attendant. And there was Ralph & Frances,
connubial, juntive; James & Noel, both grey as
badgers & sleek as moles (I have just been to the
Zoo, & noted these facts accurately.) And Adrian

& Karin are inseparable; & are re-arranging the house, beds being now only one wall off - I mean, bedrooms next door. Morgan came to tea yesterday; but we argued about novel writing, which I will not fret you ears with - his mother is slowly dispatching him, I think - He is limp & damp & milder than the breath of a Cow. Mr Brace came - the American publisher. He & Jay they would most warmly welcome a Children's story illustrated by Mr Bell. Do for God sake better yourself. What other news? Mary has rung up to ask me to go & see her rooms, with the "lovely new decorations". Shall I thrust her through with a few home truths? - I didn't go - Couldn't face Jack on a sofa recovering from tonsilitis. And she joins the parasket in France soon, I gather. I'm panting to pull up my plugs at Rodmell, & when ever did anyone come back, I suppose we shall at last get there for 5 day. God knows if we shall motor with Quen - here's Hubert Waley - come to discuss his infernal pamphlet - & you are safe at Venice; how happy you are - & you don't want anybody - & you don't have Electric light at half cock, as we do since the strike. But then you never saw armoured cars converging frozen meat along Oxford Street. I shall have lots of stories to tell you about that.

Love to Angus & D.

B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68